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THE
Sailors' Magazine,



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All Postmasters* are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



Vol. 49.

JULY, 1877.

No. 7.

From the New York Observer.

WANTED : A PHILANTHROPIST.

In reprinting the following article, we have the greatest satisfaction in welcoming our venerable and efficient contemporary, *The Observer*, to that earnest advocacy of the Sailors' Cause, which is here most admirably put forth. The facts presented are of the gravest import, and eminently worthy of consideration by the Christian public.

So much is said at the present day in regard to the power of associated effort, we are in danger of forgetting how much may be accomplished by one man who is thoroughly in earnest. A separate organized society is not needed for any and everything that needs to be done. The history of reforms and of all the movements that have blessed humanity shows that a vast amount of the good that has been accomplished in the world has been the result of individual exertion. The great Reformation of the 16th century, that has revolutionized the world, was, under God's blessing, the work of an obscure monk who, when a boy, had earned his daily bread as a street minstrel. When Wilberforce had his eyes opened to the horrors of the African slave trade, and set about its suppression, he stood

almost alone, and was scouted as a fanatical Methodist for his pains, but he persevered until this barbarous traffic, once carried on by respectable, pious merchants, was declared piracy by every civilized government in the world. John Howard did not die of prison fever until he had traversed the whole of Europe and secured a radical change in the treatment of prisoners in every country that he visited. Fifteen years ago the brute creation had no friend to take their part effectually in this metropolis, and scarcely in the land. A man might beat his horse on the public street, or torture his dog, or commit any brutality unrestrained. We once narrowly escaped being brained with a cart-rung for remonstrating with an enraged carman on Broadway, who was beating his horse with it for manifest-

ing that mysterious equine infirmity, balkiness. Now, through the labors of Mr. Bergh, not a human brute in all New York dares maltreat even a cat, and through the exertions of this one man, who has devoted time and fortune and energy to the cause, a like change has been effected in a score or more of cities.

Ten years ago, a young clerk in a dry goods house in this city, moved by what he saw among his fellow clerks of the prodigious efforts made to corrupt the children and youth of the land, by sending secretly into families and schools the vile literature and viler prints, that were manufactured by the ton, devoted himself to the suppression of this horrid business. It nearly cost him his life. He was once assaulted by one of the agents of Satan who were engaged in the manufacture and traffic, and shockingly cut and mangled, so that his life was despaired of. But he recovered, and, with the scars upon his face, he has persevered, despite threats and opposition, until now this fountain of moral corruption has been nearly cut off at its head, and, through the same single handed exertions, the streams are rapidly drying up. We do not know a more complete specimen of the moral hero than Anthony Comstock, who has accomplished this work.

About two years ago an unknown man rose in the British House of Commons and called the attention of the House to a practice which he boldly alleged was common among the large shipowners of London—that of sending to sea, in rotten and overladen ships, crews of seamen, with a certainty that they would all go down together in the first storm; and that scores, if not hundreds of lives, were thus deliberately sacrificed

every year, simply that the owners might gain the insurance money on their worthless vessels and the cargoes, which were often insured beyond their value. His accusation raised a storm of indignation in the House of Commons, several of whose members were among the wealthy shipowners who were accused of making their fortunes and their living out of dead sailors. They demanded to know if he intended to brand them as accessory to the crime of murder. He said he did, and he proved the charge. He had to fight, as with wild beasts, through one or two sessions of Parliament, but he triumphed in the end. He secured the appointment of a committee of investigation, which established the charge, and then, by his perseverance in the face of the strongest opposition he secured the passage of a law appointing inspectors and saving the lives of hundreds of seamen.

This last instance of what may be accomplished by a single man is closely associated with a subject to which we wish to call the earnest attention of humane, Christian men, especially of those who are connected with the commerce of this great city. The last twenty-five years have formed a new era in the condition and prospects of that large class of our fellow men who in all time have been absolutely essential to the intercourse, the business and the progress of the world—the sailors. The past two years have witnessed, in this port, in other ports, on the broad ocean and in every sea, the most remarkable triumphs of divine grace ever recorded in the history of seamen. We may at another time give a more detailed account of this work. We wish now simply to call attention to some of the gross wrongs and outrages that are perpetrated

upon the sailor in this port of New York, which also form a great barrier to his moral and religious improvement. They are wrongs, too, which are sustained and perpetuated,—as in the case investigated by Mr. Plimsoll in England,—for mere gain, by some who occupy most respectable positions in the community. We can simply give an outline of the subject, and must omit some of its strong points.

About 54,000 seamen, employed in the foreign trade, visit the port of New York every year. This does not include any who are engaged on coasting vessels or in inland waters. Of these 54,000 about one half, or 28,000, are in the United States merchant service, and on arriving are paid off and spend more or less time in port, according to the demand for sailors. On an average 3,000 sailors, connected with our own merchant marine, are in port all the time. Seamen belonging to foreign countries remain on board their ships, being shipped for the return as well as the outward voyage, just as our own seamen do in going to a foreign port.

From the time that a ship enters the harbor of New York, until he has made a new engagement and is fairly out at sea, the sailor is very much in the condition of a man overboard in the midst of a school of sharks. He may escape their ravenous jaws, but in the present state of things the chances are against him; the forces of evil brought to bear upon him to obtain his money, to lead him astray and to effect his temporal and eternal ruin, are far more powerful than the forces for his good. Before the ship reaches the Quarantine it is boarded, in violation of law, by the agents of the land pirates who keep the worst class of sailor boarding-houses; whose aim

is to get possession of the sailor, and by this means to get possession of his money. He is engaged to some one of these houses before he leaves the ship. When they obtain control of him he is often plied with rum until his ready money is spent; a bill is run up against him for board and on other grounds; his effects are held as security for whatever claims are made against him; he becomes a sort of prisoner under these claims, without money and unable to visit his friends at a distance, however much he desires to; he is kept under this sort of duress until he ships for another voyage; and to crown all and cover all that remains, a mortgage is taken upon the advance wages to which he will then become entitled. There are sailor boarding houses that are homes to the sailor, but they are few and far between, and those that get the men are the landlords who, in utter violation of law, board the incoming vessels like pirates and capture the sailors.

In 1872 Congress passed an act known as the U. S. Shipping Law, relating to every port in the United States, which was designed to effect a radical change from the old system of shipping and paying off crews, to correct abuses that existed, and put a stop to the impositions and outrages that had been perpetuated from time immemorial. This law was not hastily adopted. It was before Congress for two years. It was thoroughly examined and discussed in every important seaport in the country, and it had the advocacy of the true friends of the sailor in and out of Congress. It was fully endorsed by the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce, by the Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade, by a large body of influential merchants and shipowners of this city, and by Boards of Trade and Commercial

bodies throughout the country. So far as it has been enforced it has wrought a most beneficent change, but, as it struck a blow at the gains of different classes of men who make gain out of the misfortunes of their fellow men, and even out of their ruin, its enforcement has been resisted, and, to a sad extent, successfully. For a short time after its passage, the boarding of vessels coming into port by the agents of the sailor boarding houses was effectually suppressed. Only half a dozen officers were required to do it. They took charge of one ship after another as it was coming into port, and prevented the crews being captured by the runners and led away like sheep to the slaughter. By some means the enemies of the law succeeded in procuring the withdrawal of these few officers, and now the old trade of making captives of the men as they enter the harbor is carried on without restraint.

But the grand abuse to which the poor sailor is subjected attends him on shipping for the outward voyage. The U. S. laws expressly forbid the demanding or taking of any fee or bonus from a sailor for procuring him a berth as an officer or a common seaman on board a ship; and yet it is almost impossible for a sailor to get an opportunity to leave port without paying what is called "blood money." The one who has been already stripped of the wages which he received on coming into port is now, in defiance of law, compelled to make a payment to get on board a ship, and if he has not fully mortgaged his claim to advance wages it must come out of that, and if he has nothing to pay and nothing to pledge he must lie idle and go to ruin; or, if he gets a berth, he goes forth not only plucked, but

bled to the last drop in his veins.

Nor is this robbing of seamen carried on merely by the sailor landlords and the shipping masters whose business it is to furnish crews. Scores of the most respectable shipping merchants in this city of merchant princes unite with the vilest of the professional robbers in taking the seamen's wages for the privilege of serving on their ships, purely from motives of mercenary gain and to expedite the sailing of their vessels. We have before us the most abundant evidence that there is among the sailor landlords and shipping masters and respectable shipping merchants a ring as lawless in its character as the notorious Tweed ring, and more infamous, because the poor sailor is the victim and not a great and rich city. This combination is so managed that sailors, as a general rule, are in the hands of the unprincipled sailor landlords, who prevent the better classes of seamen, such as shun their establishments, from obtaining employment. Hundreds of seamen, especially those who have families and live with them while in port instead of patronizing the lower classes of boarding houses, are often found seeking positions, and unable to obtain them, because they are under a ban.

But the wrongs of the sailor are still more strongly entrenched. By the U. S. Shipping Law, the entire body of American seamen going or coming on vessels in the foreign trade were subject to its provisions and enjoyed its benefits so far as it was enforced. But last year the Secretary of the Treasury, under what influence we do not know, by a stroke of his pen, transferred all seamen engaged in the West India trade from the jurisdiction of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner to the Treasury Depart-

ment, and thus threw overboard to be devoured by the sharks, one half, or 14,000 of the seamen that had been protected by its beneficent provisions.* These men, instead of being paid off or shipped under the supervision of the U. S. Commissioner, are often paid off when drunk and paid with bogus orders, and shipped in the same state and by the same means.

There is still another gross wrong that demands correction, on which we cannot enter, but on which we have the facts. It is the impossibility (not real but voluntary) of obtaining the conviction of the sailor landlords and shipping masters and respectable shipping merchants who compose the ring and systematically violate the laws of the United States. For some reason (and the reason does not lie in a very deep well) no one of the innumerable cases of the violation of the law to the injury of the poor sailor, committed by the respectable ship owners or their confederates, is ever ready for trial in the office of the U. S. District Attorney, until the witnesses, (who, as a general rule, are sailors of course,) are sailing in some distant part of the world. Then the one who has taken up the cause in his behalf is informed that the case is ready for trial, and called upon to produce his witnesses. Not a single case of this nature, out of the many that have been brought to the notice of the U. S. District Attorney, has ever been brought to trial, and thousands might have been reported but for these hopeless failures.

We have consumed so much space in this incomplete sketch of the wrongs that are practiced upon the sailor, that we have no room to make the appeal for some philan-

thropist to undertake their redress. But the case makes its own appeal, and there are in the city of New York, among its merchant princes, a hundred men that have made their fortunes in the perfectly honorable pursuits of commerce, and that owe those very fortunes to the sailor, who ought to rise up to-day and never rest until the wise and beneficent laws enacted for his protection are fully enforced, and farther legislation for his benefit secured. They owe it to their noble calling, on which the world is so dependent, and to the reputation of this great commercial city, which would have an indelible stigma put upon it if all the facts in the case were spread before the public. Where is the American Plimsoll who, by his heroic courage and perseverance in this cause of humanity, will earn the title of "THE SAILOR'S FRIEND?"

AT WILMINGTON is a queer craft, the schooner *Ada B.*, built by a New Brunswick farmer with only a few tools, and consuming six years in its construction. He lived on the upper St. John River, and during the Spring freshets he floated his craft down to St. Johns. He had expended every dollar he could raise, including the proceeds of the sale of his farm. The schooner is described as looking like something "between Noah's ark and a log house." The stern appears as if the vessel had been made by the mile, and cut off in lengths to suit. The hatchway is almost large enough to drive a horse and wagon through. She registers 61 tons, but her timbers are strong enough for a vessel of 500 tons. She carries a house on deck resembling a sportman's cabin in the woods, and fitted up, inside, in a manner to correspond.

* This was done by a ruling of the Secretary, and a "request" to the law officer of the Government to refrain from all legal proceedings, &c.
ED. SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

A CHRISTIAN HERO.

Commodore James Graham Goodenough, of the English navy was born in 1830. His father, a clergyman, was the Dean of Wells. As his godfather at his christening, Sir James Graham, was First Lord of the Admiralty, it was settled that the boy should go into the navy. Between nine and ten he went to Westminster School, and at thirteen he joined his ship.

At school and on board ship he showed the qualities that afterwards distinguished him. Though a mere boy, and one full of spirit, he passed a great deal of his time in the cabin of the naval instructor on board the *Collingwood*, applying himself with untiring energy both in professional studies and to the acquisition of modern languages. A friend writes of him: "As a midshipman young Goodenough fulfilled the promise he had given as a boy at Westminster. Always modest and unassuming, he naturally took the lead in everything; the best as a linguist, in navigation, in seamanship, in gunnery, and all exercises, and among the foremost in all expeditions. His messmates looked to him as their leader, almost as their guide; and none of them ceased to look back with regret to those four happy years."

An incident which occurred during this period of his life presents a characteristic which was, perhaps, as prominent in Goodenough as it has ever been in anyone. He and a shipmate were pushing their way through the dense leafage of one of the ravines of Juan Fernandez. Goodenough was in front, when suddenly his companion heard a crash, and a moment afterwards Goodenough's voice warning him not to follow. Goodenough

had fallen down a precipice, and there he lay for twenty-four hours in great agony. And his first thought had been for his companion. "Such," says his friend, from whom we have already quoted, "was Goodenough; in pain or in danger his first thought was for others."

The backbone of his character was, from the outset of his career, high religious principle. One of his companions writes of him, in reference to the time when he was working for his lieutenant's commission—which he obtained in 1851: "There are few, if any, the delineation of whose character should be more inspiring to young men who are seeking after the best and noblest things of this life and that to come. The time we spent together in the *Excellent*, and at the Royal Naval College, was one of close study and constant companionship. We taught in the Sunday-schools together. We read and prayed together every night; and what little time we snatched from study was generally devoted to walks into the country, to which a little sketching and a little botanizing added interest." In 1851, when appointed to the *Centaur*, he used to teach the ship's boys on Sunday afternoons. At this time when speaking of the grandeur of Nature and his enjoyment of it, he writes: "If to know and see a little of God's doings is a source of real happiness how much more is to be obtained by what Dr. Milner calls, in homely phrase, making God our '*summum bonum*,' the source of all our springs of action!" In 1856 he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Raleigh*. He was present, in 1857, at the taking of Canton, and was immediately after-

ward promoted to the rank of acting commander. In 1858, he assisted at the taking of the Taku forts. On board the *Raleigh* he was known among some of the crew as Holy Joe; and an old shipmate tells of having seen him standing for a moment or two, just before going into action under the walls of Canton, engaged in silent prayer with his unsheathed sword in his hand. A little after he saw him pour the contents of his water-bottle into the mouth of a Tartar soldier, who was lying with a wound in his thigh.

We need not follow the story of Goodenough's life through his various commands and appointments. His mind was one of great activity, and his high intelligence led the Government to call him to positions of great responsibility. He was made Naval Attaché to the Maritime Courts of Europe; and was appointed a commissioner to visit the United States and inquire into the ships and guns used in the great war between the North and South. While performing this service he was impressed by the superiority of the education America was giving to her naval cadets, and on his return to England, by his tongue and pen, ably advocated the imperative necessity of a more systematic training for the young British naval officers.

He had great sympathy for the poor, for the working classes, and desired their elevation and improvement. In 1869, writing of education, he says: "It seems to me that education is the great question of the day. Education will do something—not everything—to relieve pauperism and to diminish crime, and something to stay the process which, to me, is undoubted, of the rich getting richer, and the poor poorer; the distance increasing, as it is, with increasing

population and strife for living between grades; when the law, however slightly, is made by and favors the richest and most satisfied people. Education is the only way we have of enabling the lower ranks of life—without surpassing merit—to raise themselves to their proper level with the rich; to make themselves, body and mind, of such worth as to make the highest wealth of small comparative value."

Such a man would be the friend of his ship's company, and be careful of their interests. The following, written at a time when he had an opportunity of joining his wife and children for a time, makes plain the spirit that was in him: "I shall come away from Milford, if I can get leave for my men; but I won't go away on leave unless they do. I want to engraft that principle on my officers—that excellent rule of the sea by which the naval service is more excellent than any other—that in all great hardships and privileges officers and men share alike.

In 1873 he assumed his last command, sailing as commodore in command to the Australian station. While cruising among the South Sea Islands for nearly two years, he took a great interest in Christian missions, carefully gathered information in relation to the condition of the native population, and labored to establish friendly relations between the natives and foreigners. During this time he also threw his great influence first into the scale of temperance in the use of strong drink and then into that of total abstinence. He lived more for others than he did for himself.

In June 1875, Commodore Goodenough having landed Sir Arthur Gordon, the newly-appointed Governor, at Fiji, sailed for the New-Hebrides, and thence to the Santa Cruz Islands. Avoiding, as un-

safe, Nukapu, where Bishop Patten was murdered, on the 12th of August he went ashore in Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz. After spending some time on shore, a native fired an arrow into his side; on which he gave the order, "To the boats." Five others were wounded—the commodore himself a second time, in the head. A volley from those who were armed in the boat-party put a stop to the arrow-firing. The wounds were at once sucked. For five days Goodenough seemed well. The ship was without delay steered southward, in order to get to a cooler climate, but after the fifth day signs of tetanus appeared. He had on the Sunday desired the chaplain to give thanks that he and the rest had not been cut off suddenly, but had been allowed time to prepare for death, if death should come. And now the end drew on apace. He had all the officers brought to his cabin, told them how he had loved them all, and seen in them all something worthy. He told them how absolutely he trusted in God, how happy he was in His love, and he bade each one kiss him as a token that any hastiness on his part was forgiven. Though it was feared it might do him harm, he insisted on taking leave of the ship's company. He said: "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it."

He was carried out in his chair, wrapped in blankets, and laid on a bed on the quarter-deck, the ship's company being all around him. He begged the men to smile at him, and not to look sad. He told them that he was dying, and therefore he wished to say good-bye to them. He told them that he had had a very happy life, and now

God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and in the conviction that whatever happened was according to God's will; and he exhorted them most earnestly to the love of God, saying, "The love which God himself will give you, if you trust Him, is very great; it will guide all your goings and doings." He begged them to try and resist, when on shore, the temptations to sin, which led them to break their leave and desert. "When you are tempted," he said, "think of the love of God."

He begged the older men who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good; adding, "Will you do this for my sake?" He begged the forgiveness—or rather he took for granted the forgiveness—of any who might feel he had been mistaken in his dealing with them, assuring them that he had always loved his ship's companies, even among them that he had punished, for that he had always seen some good even in the greatest offender. "As to those poor natives," he added, "don't think about what they have done. It is not worth while; they could not know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learned about it."

After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, "Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say, God bless you!"—which they did; and he then said, "May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness, such as He has given me!"

He then shook hands with all the petty officers, having a special word for each; and then—again

saying good-bye to all—he was carried back to his cabin. He had spoken for twenty minutes or more; his voice, which was very weak at first, became quite strong and clear as he went on. On getting back to bed he said: “Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be done now but to lie down and die quietly.”

As was the manner of the man in his vigor, so he was in his mortal sickness. The veil over the tenderness of his heart and over the movements of his Christian life was a little more drawn back; otherwise he was the same. He thought of everything that had to be done, and of every one about him. And so, with his face to duty, with the high striving for himself, his officers, his men, his service, his country strong in him, as it had been from his early years, far out on this great and wide sea on which his life had been spent, on the 20th of August 1875 he “died quietly.”

He was laid to rest on the north shore of Sydney Harbor, with two of his sailors, who had also died of arrow-wounds: he, in the middle; they, one on either side of him. And this noble thing was written on his grave:

HE SAILED AWAY TO DIE;
REFUSING TO ALLOW A SINGLE LIFE
TO BE TAKEN IN RETALIATION.

THE CELEBRATED war steamer *Kearsarge* was built by naval officers at the Portsmouth Navy Yard during the war, and cost the Government one hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars. Recently she was repaired at Mare Island, on the Pacific coast, and the cost, was four hundred and ninety-six thousand, one hundred and twenty-two dollars and fifty-six cents, a sum more than twice as large as the original cost.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

In the Ship.

BY REV. CHARLES N. SINNETT.

One night, amid the tempest's roar,
A sailor said,—“I'll sin no more
When I shall reach my native shore,
For there 'tis easier far for me
To seek the Lord, than here at sea.”

The ship arrived in port at last:
But as the sailor from her passed,
Leaving his shipmates wild, he cast
A glance on one who sought him out,
A schoolmate, fond of ball and rout;—

Beside him quickly took his stand,
Forgot his sin, forgot the hand
That kindly brought him back to land,
Forgot his promise, yielding up
Himself to taste the poisoned cup.

The morning found his money spent:
His weary steps again he bent
To the old ship, towards India went,
His sad face white as ocean foam,—
To leave his needy wife at home.

But first beneath his native sky,
He lifted up to God the cry,
“Father, forgive me, or I die!”
And as he prayed with trembling lip,
He found the Savior, *in the ship!*

My sailor friend! foul days and fair
Thou'st wasted, breathing not a prayer,
Thinking to seek God here or there,
Waiting till ends another trip,
While still thy Savior's in the ship.

Oh, look to Him this very day!
In spite of jests look up and pray,
The call of heavenly love obey!
Then, though thy bark is tossed and riven,
Thou'lt find the shining port of Heaven.

Centre Lebanon, Me.

AS A MEANS of preventing collisions at sea an English inventor, J. J. Nickoll, has brought out a system of helm-signals. In describing his invention to the Inventors' Institute, Mr. Nickoll says: “As my signals move automatically with the rudder, every material shifting of the helm to the port or starboard is at once shown at the head of the vessel by a red or green light and before she answers her helm, thus giving timely notice to an approaching ship what course she is about to steer.”

THE SAILOR BOY.

In a lonely cottage on the borders of a great wood lived little Tommy Tremlett. Tommy was an orphan. When he was yet an infant, his father, a seafaring man, died of fever on board his ship; and in little more than a year afterwards his mother followed her husband to the grave. Poor little Tommy was alone in the world! Yet no, he was not quite alone; his aged grandmother was still alive; and when his mother was laid in the quiet grave, the old lady took the little orphan child and carried him far away to her cottage home to bring him up herself.

As he grew up, Tommy was found to be a quiet, thoughtful, timid boy, and the lonely life he led with his good grandmother,—whose cottage was full two miles away from the village where the other houses stood,—made him more shy and timid still.

But timid and retiring as the child was, he had a great idea of making himself useful. Only give him something to do, and he showed a wonderful delight in doing it thoroughly and well. He would polish up his grandmother's brass fender and fire-irons, her pots and kettles, her knives and forks, till they glistened again. In her little bit of garden he soon became as useful as she was herself; and as for errands, only let him know that she wanted anything from the village, and his basket was on his arm, and he was off for his two miles' walk or run, so merry and light-hearted that as he came near the houses the people would say,—“Here comes little Tommy with his big basket again. What a busy little chap he is to be sure!

But, wonderful little helper as he was to his grandmother, Tommy, as I have said, was a thought-

ful, quiet boy, and nothing pleased him so well as to go with her, when the stillness of evening came, to her favorite seat by the side of the pond which separated their garden from the wood; and, while she sat there with her knitting, to watch the swallows as they skimmed the air, and the fishes as they leaped like flashes of light out of the water to seize the flies that sported on its surface; or to send his little paper boats on long voyages over the tiny waves, and picture them to himself as great ships sailing over the boundless ocean which he had heard so much about but had never seen. And when a gust of wind came, and his little craft was swamped beneath the waves, he would wonder how many of the ships that started on long voyages to distant lands ever came back again. And when the sun went down behind the dark trees of the wood, and the twilight deepened into night, and the old lady dropping her work upon her knee sat there thinking, thinking; while the soft pale moon rose silently in the heavens and, with the stars which peeped out one by one, looked down upon its image in the quiet waters below, he would think of his father buried beneath the waves, and of his mother in the lonely church-yard, and then picture them to himself as standing in that great and glorious company of which his grandmother so often read and spoke, who, with white robes, and crowns of gold, and palms of victory, sing the praises of God forever in heaven.

But there came a time when these quiet dreams were over, and the little timid child was thrown out upon the great rough world to endure its troubles and to battle with its temptations all alone.

One morning when he rose from his bed, he found that his grandmother was ill,—speechless! He ran for the village doctor, but it was too late! When they returned together her spirit had taken its flight to that bright world of which she so delighted to think and speak.

The only relative she was known to have,—a nephew,—was summoned; he took possession of the cottage and the few things belonging to her, and began to wonder what to do with the orphan child. He was a hard-hearted, selfish man, and never for a moment thought of taking the desolate little creature to himself, as the good old grandmother had done. So, as a convenient way of “providing for him,” as he was pleased to call his anxiety to get rid of him, he determined to send him to sea. “His father was a sailor,” he said to those who spoke of the boy’s evident unfitness for such a life; “let him be a sailor like his father!”

So the necessary arrangements were made; Tommy was fitted out, and being accompanied to the railway station by his new “guardian,” was sent alone, on the first journey he had ever made, to join his ship.

Poor little fellow! how lonely, how desolate he felt! “Good-bye. Be a good boy, and do your duty, you know!” How these cold words of parting seemed to cut him off from human care and sympathy. A sailor too! he had always dreaded the sea, though he had thought of it so much. Many sailors were coarse, rough, and unkind, and the thought of being thrown amongst them, with no one to protect or care for him, was full of terror to him. And yet he knew that he was not left alone. Had not his good grandmother always told him how his Heavenly Father cared for him, never forgetting him day or night! And had he not always believed

this, and in his simple, childish way trusted in the power and goodness of God!

As these thoughts passed through his mind, while the tears trickled down his cheeks,—he was glad there was no one else in the carriage to see him,—the little fellow’s faith rose higher than it ever did before, and the words which had often been a comfort to him brought him unspeakable solace now,—“When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.”

When the little fellow joined his ship, and got fairly afloat on the mighty deep, he found his new life fully as rough and uncongenial to him as he had pictured it. The sailors were many of them coarse, wicked men; the captain, irritable and sour; the work, hard and perilous; and willing as he was, and manfully as he resolved with God’s help to do his best, he often crept away behind some cask or chest and poured out his soul to God in sad and troubled prayers. There was one of the crew, an old man, so violent and profane that even his fellows had given him the nickname of “Swearing Dick.” He was a positive terror to the poor shrinking little cabin-boy. How his loud, harsh voice thrilled through him! How his continual cuffings and buffetings hurt the child’s sensitive nature!

But God had heard the child’s prayers; deliverance was at hand.

It happened one day, when this cruel man had been more angry and violent than usual, that in an interval of duty Tommy had crept away, as he often did, behind a cask to pray for himself and his tormentor. The old man, happening to come for some reason to that end of the ship, came suddenly upon the child kneeling upon the deck with his face upturned to

heaven and the tears trickling down his cheeks. The old blasphemer stopped, immovable as a statue! What vision was it that rose upon his awakened conscience? It was the vision of another child,—his own,—kneeling thus at his mother's knee; and the gush of sacred memories which gathered around that simple childish act broke through the hardness of his heart and sent two big tears rolling down his weather beaten face.

The boy arose from his knees with a frightened look at seeing himself observed, and would have crept away; but the old man stopped him.

"Come here, Tom," he said. "Don't mind me. I had a little chap myself once, as used to kneel down like that. He's—he's gone—aloft! So has his mother." There was a pause, during which the old man seemed unable to speak. At length he said, abruptly, "When you want a friend, lad, you come to me."

From that hour the old man seemed to regard the little cabin-boy as his own child. He patiently instructed him in his duties; he assisted him in his most toilsome tasks; he defended him against the ill-humors and rough usage of the men, and by his constant care and help made the boy's sailor life so different from what it had been that gradually he grew reconciled to it and even came to like it.

It was some years after these events that a young naval officer bent over the bed of a dying man in one of our seamen's hospitals.

"Tom,"—the words came faint and broken,—"*Tom, meet-me—up—aloft—by-and-by—you know.*"

"By God's grace I will," said the young man. "*Aye, aye! that's—the—answer—lad. God—bless thee!*"

The dying man was no other than he who was once known as "Swearing Dick," and the young

naval officer our once timid little friend, Tommy Tremlett.

The young man's companionship had been blessed to the old man's conversion. He had found the mercy of Christ, and had now gone to join his wife and child in the presence of his Saviour "*up aloft.*"

HAVE I, in sincere penitence, renounced and forsaken the sins for which I ask God's forgiveness? Is the remembrance of them grievous to me? And is it my earnest prayer that I may be pardoned for them, for Christ's sake, and cleansed from them in His atoning blood? Trusting in Him, by faith, do I take to myself the comfort of pardon, and endeavor, by the aid of His Spirit, so to live as to find for myself, and give to others, the evidence that I am forgiven?

For the Sailors' Magazine.

No More Sea.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

I.

We sail, O God! Thy wondrous deeps,
So great and wide, so vast and free;
But in Thy heart a purpose sleeps.
When there shall yet be no more sea.
No sea to wash the circling world,—
No sea to mirror all the sky,—
No sea with tempests to be whirled,—
No sea in calm repose to lie.

II.

No sea to bear abroad our ships,—
No sea of sunshine, or of gloom,—
No sea to close its mighty lips,
On millions buried in its tomb.
No sea for war's dark waves of blood,—
No sea for pearly streams of peace:
No tide of ebb, no tide of flood,—
For with the sea all tides shall cease.

III.

Father! I own Thy sovereign hand,
That holds the sea in being still;
That bids it rise, at Thy command,—
And fall, submissive to Thy will!
Let the sea pass! its GOD remains,
Forever on the eternal shore:
God over all! His scepter reigns,
When time itself shall be no more!

THE YOUNG SKIPPER'S RELIGION.

"No, sir," said John Bardwell; "my sloop does not take out parties on the Sabbath." The young sailor spoke with emphasis. But his father, who was smoking close by, quickly interposed. "Wait a bit, John; you're too hasty! The foul weather has kept us from making a cent all this week; and we need money. This gentleman's offer seems like a providence, as you call it, coming just when it's wanted. They're a quiet party; seems as if it wouldn't hurt anybody's conscience to give 'em a sail. 'It is against my principles,' was the brief reply. The old man impatiently knocked the ashes from his pipe. "These new notions o' your'n 'ill drive us all upon the town!" John walked away, to end the discussion before the stranger, and also to battle with himself. He was sorely tempted, It was hard to withstand his aged father's pleading, and the pressure of circumstances. His business was fishing and taking out pleasure parties. The season had just commenced. His craft was all ready for excursions, the sum that was offered would relieve pressing family needs—was there really any harm in giving this quiet party a Sabbath sail?

Last summer the young skipper would have eagerly sought such an engagement, but now a new spirit governed his actions. During the winter he had publicly confessed Christ. It was no half-way transaction with the earnest man. He meant to carry his religion into his business, and this was the burden of petitions in the little conference meetings. The good people who were stirred and quickened by the young brother's eloquence, little dreamed what a sacrifice he intended to make; for a great part of his business was on the Sabbath.

"Your son cannot be persuaded to carry us out?" asked the stranger as he watched the erect figure pacing the sands. "He met with a change last winter, sir," replied the old man, "and ever since, he's sot agin Sabbath work. Now, I like a day's rest, myself, but poor folks can't afford to be particular." "But you often say poor folks can afford to be honest, father," said the son as he approached. "The Sabbath does not belong to us; if we use it, we defraud our Maker."

"There, he's gone, and it's all along o' your crazy notions!" cried the father, as the stranger withdrew. "Such a pile o' money as he'd gin ye, too! They say he's a wealthy merchant from York State. Them's the kind that don't stand for a dollar, if they're sot on anything. If you'd hearkened to me, you'd been on the right side o' him. We'd had a fat job on't. As it is, nobody'll patronize such an odd critter as you be, and we'll all come upon the town. She'll be mortgaged," pointing to the sloop, "and my poor old bones 'll lie in a pauper's grave!"

The next Sabbath the sloop rode at anchor in the bay, her clean decks glistening all day under the eyes of the pleasure loving gentleman. It was a peaceful picture, but there was little peace in the heart of her owner. It seemed as if everything conspired to disturb his spirit; his father foretold evil, his wife looked shabby, little Harry could not go to church for want of shoes, on Monday a bill was due, and nothing to meet it with. John was proud, loved neat attire and to be even with the world.

"It's no use to show ourselves," said his father, as they started for the wharf on Monday. "They're all down on ye at the hotel." The

old man's discourse on the folly of his son's "new notions" was interrupted by the wealthy stranger. He wished to secure the young skipper's service for the entire week. "You're very kind to remember us, after my son's ill-behavior!" cried the old fisherman, delightedly rubbing his horny hands. "Your son was right to stand by his principles," replied the merchant, with a dignity that silenced the worldly parent.

So all that week the tiny craft sailed like a bird over the water, the young skipper at her helm, his rich voice often ringing out his gladness in songs of praise to Him who is the rewarder of all who trust in Him. The stranger and the young man had many talks together on these trips, and sometimes upon land. John said little; but that, and his consistent Christian life, won him a warm friend. The result of this acquaintance is still the theme of talk in the little sea town. The merchant made him master of a large schooner used in connection with his business. Of this the young skipper finally became half owner, and afterwards a successful man. But as the Sabbath draws near, each week, if possible, he makes a harbor, and his comely vessel rides quietly at anchor, as did the little sloop that Sabbath morning.—*Bethel Flag.*

Deaths From Starvation.

We take from the Valparaiso, S. A., *Record*, an account of the starvation on Rouse Island, Terra del Fuego, of Captain and Mrs. McAdam and company, of the ship *San Rafael*, which had been burned at sea. It was furnished by Rev. Mr. Bridges, Missionary at Ooshooia, a village on the southern

shore of the island of Terra del Fuego. Long. 68° W., and lat. 54° 50' S.

"On Sunday, April 23rd, 1876, a company of eighteen canoes arrived at Ooshooia from the south, bringing definite intelligence of the loss of nine lives by starvation and exposure, on a headland to the westward of New Year's Island, or as called by the natives Atdoovia. The report ran as follows:

"A family of natives had been somewhere living at the head of Rouse Island. Some time in the latter part of January this party came down the sound, purposing to kill seals in some of the numerous caves near Black Head. On their way down they espied on a bold headland something white, and did not know what to make of it. They supposed it was some device of the western natives to decoy them ashore. Though they watched the place closely from their canoe, they saw no sign of life. They were afraid to land, which is always difficult, because of the surging sea and the bold, steep rocks. They then altered their course, and took up their quarters on Hind Island, whence they could watch the opposite headland, to which their attention was daily directed. They remained many days, till other natives joined them. Then overcoming their fears and choosing a fine day they pulled across the sound; taking every possible precaution, the men landed, and quietly crept up the banks. They found much clothing lying about, further on two dead bodies, and on coming to the white canvas, which had first attracted their notice, spread as an awning, and under which the poor fellows had lived, they saw two men still living, or dying rather. One of these was still sensible, but unable to rise on

his feet. This man implored pity, and was seen to pray. The other was insensible. These poor fellows had neither fire, food nor water, and were in a most deplorable condition. The natives kindled a fire for them, gave them water from the canoe, and a cooked shag. One of them named Wushtumacan offered to take the stronger of the two men to the canoe, but he refused. He also tried to straighten the poor fellow's legs, but in vain.

"What was within reach, this poor seaman gave to the natives, who took nothing at this time but what was so given. The two Indian women kept the canoe a little way off the shore, all this while. After the men had done what they could, they returned to their canoe, and put off to Hind Island. For several days boisterous weather prevented their return; when they next landed all were dead. They then took what they chose; among the things they brought to Ooshooia were silver coins, an English sovereign, and various trinkets. They found a good supply of blankets and clothes. This visit occurred towards the end of February or the beginning of March.

"Our little mission vessel of 39 tons, had reached Ooshooia from Sandy Point the day before this report reached us, and we determined to go in her to Atdooia to enquire into the matter and to bury the dead. Accordingly, after the cargo was landed and needful preparations made, we started for Atdooia by way of Ponsonby Island and False Cape Horn. We were twice driven back by furious southwest gales when within twenty-five miles of our destination; so we reluctantly returned to Ooshooia, determined to try the quieter route, via the southwest arm of Beagle Channel, and so round Cape Keklao, and thence through Whaleboat Pas-

sage, round Black Head. This we accordingly did, and finally reached Indian Cove, Atdooia, May 17th. Here we took on board two men as guides and on the morrow landed on the scene of death. It is the first headland inside of Black Head. The day was very fine but we found landing difficult. We scrambled up the steep banks and found nine corpses, seven in one place, and two others apart. These were all abundantly clothed, and evidently had not been touched by the natives, that is, not denuded of any of their clothing. The captain and his wife were lying side by side at the lower end of the little chasm, at the top and most sheltered part of which they had spread their boat's sail as a shelter. Beyond Captain and Mrs. McAdam five of the men were lying, and two others were together a little way to the westward. The bodies were too far decayed to be removed; we simply covered them over as best we could. We searched about the place, but could find no written information save a brief note, in pencil, on four loose leaves of a small pocket book. This was written by Captain McAdam, on February 15th, being the 41st day of their stay on that 'desolate island,' as he styles it. We infer that Mrs. McAdam was still living as her husband unites her with himself in the expression of his last wishes.

"At the time of writing he was almost blind, and very weak. Tracing back 41 days we ascertain the day of their landing to have been the 5th of January. How they came to land on such a particularly wretched spot, where it was utterly impossible for them to save their boat, or to husband their supplies by the use of such food as these islands afford, we cannot say.

"Perchance they landed there in the darkness of night, perhaps fear

of the natives induced them to select it for their abode, since they could easily prevent the natives landing; or perhaps they chose it as being the most likely place for signaling passing vessels. The first reason is the most likely. On reaching the higher land we found a frightful chasm, completely preventing their retreat to the contiguous land. Thus having lost their boat they were hopelessly imprisoned on a most exposed and very circumscribed headland. Only a few shellfish could they gather under great difficulty, owing to the steep rocks and surging waters. Fresh water was *very* scarce and they must have often been in want of this necessary of life. We were all surprised to find they had taken no pains to make a good shelter for themselves and were consequently driven to different parts of the islet, or rather peninsula, for shelter according to the direction of the winds.

“From the sea they could not have seen that this headland was cut off from the adjoining land, and if they landed at night, I can imagine how their hearts failed them on discovering their real condition.

“Doubtless a record was written of their life there, and Captain McAdam therefore did not think it necessary to repeat, in his private note to his son and daughter, any of these particulars, but confined himself entirely to family matters. They had subsisted principally on the supply of food they brought with them from their burning vessel. We found a large number of empty meat tins, as well as nautical books and clothes. Everything of value had, previous to our visit, been removed by the natives, as chronometer, sextant, barometer, etc., etc.

“Threatening weather hastened our return to our vessel which was lying on and off, and we returned and anchored for the night in a good harbor near Gold Dust Island. Our two Indian guides were two of the men who had first visited the sad scene. They told us that for safety they had secreted certain articles here and there, and offered to give them up. Accordingly, in hopes of getting further information, we spent the next day in visiting these places. In a sextant case we had been given to understand was much paper with writing on it. On landing there the sextant case was found, but only a few loose and scattered leaves of the H. and M. Pilot. A fox had evidently visited the spot, and taken away the contents of the box, for there was a very strong smell of foxes in the wretched little wigwam, where these loose leaves were. However from the sextant case we learned for certain that the lost vessel was the *San Rafael*, and that the captain's name was McAdam. In another place a binocular glass was given us; at another place a barometer, and a chronometer. The latter proved to be sound. We duly rewarded our guides, had much pleasant intercourse with the natives, and advised them as to the conduct they should observe towards persons shipwrecked on their coasts, viz: that they should *quietly* approach them, showing that they had only good intentions; that they should mention my name, and use such English words as they know, and bring them to Ooshooia as quickly as possible, where they would be duly rewarded.

“I have every reason to be confident that if shipwrecked mariners will only let the natives befriend them, they will do so to the utmost of their power. But their

fears make them suspicious, and they think their only safety is in preventing the natives from coming to them. They are thus tempted to shoot all they see. What I say, however, of the natives, only extends from the Fury Islands to Staten Land. The natives of all the intermediate islands will prove kind to any shipwrecked mariners, if the chance is given them. But, on the other hand, if they were ill-treated, they would return evil with evil, and not with good, as our Lord enjoins upon all his people."

The Effects of Tobacco on Health.

The following is a part of a valuable tract on this subject which every pastor and every church member in the land ought to read. It can be had by writing to O. M., 136 Chestnut Street, Syracuse, N. Y., at fifty cents per hundred.

1. Dr. Willard Parker of New York city says: "It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious, but positively destructive effects of tobacco upon the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice, and such persons can never recover, soon, and in a healthy manner, from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true also of those who smoke or chew much."

2. Dr. H. V. Miller, of Syracuse, furnishes the following: "A French physician investigated the effects of tobacco smoking upon thirty-eight boys between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. The result

was that twenty-seven presented marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning; twenty-three manifested serious derangement of the intellectual faculties, and a strong appetite for alcoholic drinks; three had heart disease; eight decided deterioration of blood; twelve had frequent nose-bleed; ten disturbed sleep, and four ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth."

3. That very able work, "Diseases of Modern Life," by Dr. Richardson, sums up the effects of tobacco thus: "Smoking produces disturbances *in the blood*, causing undue fluidity and change in the red corpuscles; *in the stomach*, giving rise to debility, nausea, etc., in the mucous membrane of the *mouth*, causing enlargement and soreness of the tonsils; in the *heart*, producing debility of that organ and irregular action; *in the organs of sense*, causing in the extreme degree, dilation of the pupils of the eyes, confusion of vision, with other analogous symptoms affecting the ear; in the *brain*, impairing the activity of that organ, and oppressing it, if it be duly nourished, but soothing it if it be exhausted. The effects of tobacco, often severe, even on those who have attained to manhood, are especially injurious to the young, who are still in the stage of adolescence. In these the habit of smoking causes impairment of growth, premature manhood, and physical prostration."

This is a terrible arraignment by medical science, of habits that find shelter in the Christian church, and justification even, in the example of Christian pulpits! And yet,—

4. Perhaps the worst thing to be said of tobacco, is the medical testimony which follows. "The parent whose blood and secretions are saturated with tobacco, and whose brain and nervous system

are semi-narcotized by it, must transmit to his child, elements of a distempered body and erratic mind; a deranged condition of organic atoms, which elevates the animalism of the future being, at the expense of the moral and intellectual nature." And here is the law of hereditary transmission or penalty. (Exodus xx: 4, 5, 6.) Few parents who indulge in strong drink, or tobacco, or opium, or other sensual habits, think of the terrible results to children of their own flesh and blood.

From *The London Christian*.

The Four Anchors.

BY MRS. HFLEN E. BROWN.

"*The day is thine, the night also is thine.*"—Ps. lxxiv. 16; "*The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.*"—Ps. cxxxix. 12; "*They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.*"—Acts xxvii. 29.

The night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here, and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."

And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor *Patience* out,
And wish—but wait—for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within his hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in his faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him, though He slay;
So, letting go the anchor *Faith*,
I'll wish—but wait—for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long?
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on his "eternal years,"
And feast upon his Word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead,
And wish—but wait—for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as thine?
I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved,
My heart on thy heart lay:
And casting out the anchor *Love*,
I'll wish—and wait—for day.

Appropriating Faith—A Sailor's Letter.

Darling Mother:—I must write you the good news—to you the best news I could give. My soul has been awakened, and last night I took Christ as my Savior, and felt He was sufficient for me. Oh! mother, I am so happy! To-day there was a gladness about everything I did, even down to a rubber of fives that I played; it is wonderful. The very dockyard sounds, which used to seem so tiresome, were enjoyed, as they gave me time to think of God while I walked in the quiet night under His stars. Mother, the only thing I fear is, that I may fall off again, because I am conceited by habit, and shall, I fear, trust at times to myself. But I pray to Jesus to put His protecting arms around me and hold me up in my hour of weakness.

The way of it was this: Yesterday I went to a friend's to lunch, and went out for a walk with her afterwards. Gradually the conversation turned to the worldly way of living in this place. She suddenly said to me, "I have often wondered whether you are a Christian or not? Are you?" I said, "No, I am not." To which she replied, "Why don't you take the everlasting life that God holds out to you?" I said, "I can't; I have prayed for it but I can't get it." She answered, "Don't pray, take it; what is the need of praying for a gift you can always have for the accepting. You would not ask for a sum of money some relation had already said you might have for the taking? So, why *pray* to God for that which he has been holding out to you since you were born, and only waiting for you to take it? I used to be like you. I used to be going on praying and praying for eternal life, until at last I found what I had to do was not to pray but just to say,—I take the everlasting life which the death of Jesus Christ gives me. I got peace then and have kept it ever since." We went into the house, and she talked to me until it was time for me to go on board to dine, but I could not see it. When I came on board I knelt down in my cabin and said, "I take the everlasting life which thou givest me," believing on Christ that He was sufficient for my sins, and I got it so easily that I could hardly believe I had passed from death unto life. The verse that struck me most was *St. John, 5: 24*. Good bye,—your loving son,

WILLIE.

The Sailor's Text.

FULL SAIL.

"*In the day of prosperity be joyful.*"—Eccles. vii. 14.

Yes! be joyful. When God fills our sails with prosperous breezes, let us bless Him for it. Let us take prosperity not as a matter of course—as a happy accident, or piece of luck, or good fortune—but as a gracious gift and appointment of Him whose nature and whose name is Love.

How much have I to be joyful for! He has given me Health and Strength, while others are enfeebled with sickness and disease. He has given me Friends. They may for a season be separated from me, but I have the pleasing hope of meeting them again. He has often vouchsafed me Deliverance from danger,—changed the storm into a calm, and brought me to the desired haven.

Reader! art thou conscious of being possessed of better than the best of all worldly prosperity? Art thou joyful in the assurance that thine everlasting interests are secure in Jesus? Is the vessel which bears thine Eternal destinies pursuing a heavenward course? Can God, the Omniscient One, as He looks into the depths of thy heart, say, "*Thy soul prospereth?*" (III John, 2.)

THE LAST PACIFIC TIDAL WAVE.

We make up a statement from the *N. Y. Tribune* of the effects of the tidal wave which wrought its widespread and terrible devastation on the coast of Peru, S. A., on the night of the 9th of May, 1877. By it, at least six hundred lives were lost, and \$20,000,000 of property destroyed. Writing from Lima, a correspondent of the *Panama Star and Herald* says:—

At about 8.30 p. m., a severe earthquake shock, lasting from four to five minutes, moved the entire southern coast, even reaching down as far as Antofagasta; so severe was the movement that in many places it was impossible to stand upright without support. The first shock was succeeded by several others of less intensity, and then the sea, receding from the shore, seemed to concentrate its strength for the fearful and repeated attacks it made upon the land. Leaving Callao, and proceeding southward, the first port visited was Pisco, where the damage done was not great.

At Arica the people were busily engaged in preparing temporary fortifications to repel a threatened assault of the rebel ram Huascar at the very moment when the roar of the earthquake was heard. The sea was suddenly perceived

to recede from the beach, and a wave, from 10 to 15 feet in height, rolled in upon the shore, carrying before it all that it met. Eight times was repeated this assault of the ocean. The earthquake had leveled to the ground the Custom house in great part, the railway station, the Submarine Cable office, the hotel, British consulate, steamship agency, and many private dwellings. Owing to the early hour of the evening and the excitement attendant on the proposed attack of the Huascar, every one was out and stirring, and the only loss of life reported is that of three little children, who were overtaken by the water. The progress of the wave was only stopped at the foot of the hill on which the church stands, which point is further inland than that reached in August, 1868. Four miles of the embankment of the railway melted away like sand before the assault of the water; locomotives, cars, and rails were hurled about by the sea like so many playthings, and left in a tumbled mass of rubbish. The United States steamer Wateree, stranded by the bore of 1868, was lifted up bodily and floated two miles north of her old position. The next morning the scene was pitiful. The shocks still continued; the sea was yet dreadfully agitated; the only two vessels in the bay, anchored far out, escaped injury, but all the launches and boats had been destroyed.

The movement was experienced at Iquique at the same moment, and with the same superhuman force. Its duration was exactly four minutes and twenty seconds, proceeding from the southeast directly from the location of the *llaga* volcano. The houses, built of wood and cane, tumbled down at the first onset of the enemy. Lamps were broken, and the burning oil, spreading over the debris, immediately started a general conflagration. Three companies of firemen—German, Italian, and Peruvian—were instantly at their posts, although it was still difficult to maintain an upright position, shock following shock with dreadful regularity. In order to procure water the two best fire engines were stationed on the beach, and the work began. Just then the cry arose, "The sea! the sea!" and the angry waves rushed in, the engines were carried out by the reflux, and the fire continued unopposed. Three elements of destruction busy at one moment! The affrighted people gave up all attempts at resistance and left the city to its fate, flying to the neighboring eminences. The fire destroyed a large portion of the town, the earthquake leveled nearly all the rest, and the water covers the ruins which it took out in its reflux. Four entire squares of buildings were swamped and taken by the waves; all the wharves were destroyed; the Custom house is gone; the nitrate stores have disappeared; the water condensers along the shore ruined—a most irreparable loss for Iquique, as no potable water is found there. Nearly 400,000 quintals of nitrate then in the stores at Iquique and the adjacent ports of Molle and Pisagua, were destroyed. Small loss of life took place, probably ten persons in all.

Away up on the pampas, 11 miles from Iquique, the splendid nitrate establishment, La Nueva Carolina, was completely destroyed. The Town of Tarapacá, 23 leagues inland, and the villages of Pica, Matilla, and Canchones more or less ruined. The loss of life is reported as not being great. The sufferings of the people of Iquique were intense; the absence of water and the destruction of the principal stores added to their hardships; tents were improvised along the sides of the hills near the town, and the neighborhood soon resembled a vast encampment. It is estimated that the damage done in Iquique will amount to nearly 4,000,000 soles.

The shock of earthquake was especially severe at Chanavaya. In some spots the earth opened in crevices of 15 meters

(49½ feet) in depth, and the whole surface of the ground was changed. At least 200 people were killed, bodies were floating around in the bay, and a pestilence is feared. A small steamer, the *Ballestas*, was instantly despatched to Iquique for assistance, but the condition of that place was such that but little could be afforded. At Huanillos, another guano loading station, the damage inflicted was fearful. All the houses were destroyed, the guano cuts have fallen in, and, as at Pabellon, all loading must be suspended for at least two months, as that time will be requisite to effect the necessary repairs.

Mexillones was visited by a tidal wave 65 feet in height; two thirds of the town completely obliterated; guano shoots, wharves, launches, boats, water distilleries, railway station, locomotives, cars, and furniture, all swallowed up by the insatiable enemy, the sea. At Tocopilla little or nothing remains of the town. A mine called "La Peña Blanca," four miles to the southward sank in, smothering two hundred workmen, of whom forty were Cornish miners. Cobija, the principal town on the Bolivian coast, has lost three fourths of its houses. The wave 35 feet high, swept along the main business street and left it as level as the desert. Wharves and launches were all carried out to sea. The church spire was knocked over, and even consecrated ground was entered—the cemetery suffering somewhat from the watery foe. All of these towns are in the greatest distress. Chili has escaped without injury. The northern ports of Peru were damaged but little, although the sea was running remarkably high.

The damage to American and other shipping, at these seaports, was very great. A Lima letter, dated 26th May, says:—

The guano fleet loading at the southern deposits, or rather the remains of the fleet, are now arriving daily at Calleo for necessary repairs. The engineers are of opinion that in six weeks' time loading may be resumed at Pabellon, Huanillos and Point Labos. The *Chilian Times* of May 16th reports that south of Valparaiso no loss of life or destruction of property by the earthquake. Between Valparaiso and the Bolivian frontier the shocks were more severe. At Ante-Fagasto, in Bolivia, no lives were lost, but the damage to property is estimated at half a million of dollars. It is said the towns of Calama, Chiuchiu and San Pedro have entirely disappeared.

THE LOSS OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

The splendid new steamer of the Pacific Mail Line described by Rev. Dr. DAMON, of Honolulu, in the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for November, 1876,—which occurred May 16th, 1877, was probably due to disturbances of the sea bottom, caused by the earthquake, or by the same tidal wave, whose ravages have been described. The rock on which the steamer struck lies in the direct course of the steamers between Panama and Acapulco, Mexico, and must have been passed over many times. A fisherman from the river Dulce, at Acapulco, states that he is perfectly acquainted with the existence of the rock, and has been in the habit of going there to fish, leaving the river at 6 o'clock, A. M., and arriving at the rock at about 10 o'clock. From the 9th of May, and up to the day of the loss of the City of San Francisco, the ocean had been in a state of excitement, rising suddenly $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet higher than was known before, and falling off about the same; hence it is quite possible that the ship might have been passing at the particular time when the tide was low.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

Scurvy.

Much has been said and written concerning this disease, in the past so destructive to human life on the ocean, the deep bed of which is strewn with the bones of its victims. I say in the past, because steam and fast sailing ships have very largely reduced its fearful ravages, yet even in these days of fast vessels and quick passages, occasionally, from various causes, a ship makes a lengthy passage, and scurvy is the consequence. The complaint, in its character and progress, is a frightful one, and has occasioned among medical men a large amount of speculation as to its cause and cure.

Having, in the course of a long experience, been brought into contact with it, and at times in its most malignant forms, I read these articles with much interest.

In the number of the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE* for January, 1877, I notice a short chapter in regard to its supposed cause and remedy, and in this, the old time opinion, is put forth that, it is caused by the long continued use of salt meats; also that Mr. Galloway, a well-known Dublin chemist, declares it to be his belief that there is nothing in salt to cause such a result, but the want of potash, which is originally contained in the meat, but which is destroyed by the process of salting. He therefore recommends that potash become a part of the stores of ships, to be used as common table salt.

It is known to many that potash is extensively administered where the physician finds an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood. Hence I hold, without hesitation, to the opinion of the chemist, for I am sure that the disease under consideration is the result of such condition. The blood is the life of the man. Fifty years ago, this very day, I had just returned from a long voyage to the Pacific. When two years from home, and six months from the last port, nearly every man on board was attacked, the symptoms varying, and more or less severe. One young man died after a short illness, the complaint locating itself in and about the chest, which I have found not uncommon. One week after his death another of our young men succumbed to the disease, but in this case the symptoms were entirely different. A general bloating of the body and limbs took place, and the skin became transparent, as if filled with water. In both cases the final closing up of life was attended with violent convulsions.

A few days after we arrived at Tahiti, and placed the sick on shore, where all recovered. And here I give my own opinion of the cause. *First*,—our provisions were of a very poor quality and insufficient in quantity. *Second*,—our supply of water, taken from a pool near the beach at the Marquesas, was brackish and evidently unwholesome, and *third*,—we were six months away from our moth-

er earth. She must perform the cure,—none other can do it. When scurvy breaks out on shipboard it cannot be cured there; the sick child must be taken to his mother for relief.

On board another ship which arrived at the Sandwich Islands, I saw two men suffering from the disease in precisely the same condition as our two which I have spoken of,—one largely bloated, the other not at all. The ship arrived too late to save both, the one who had the bloated symptoms dying a few hours after arrival. The other recovered. This ship had been absent from Nantucket more than three and a half years, and was six months out from the last port. On board another ship where the disease appeared it was kept in check by the free use of dried fruit, cooked, to which was added molasses and oil of spruce. We arrived at the Cape of Good Hope shortly after its appearance, when all recovered.

As to remedies or preventives much difference of opinion prevails. Many think vinegar and sour pickles are desirable. I do not think so. Captain Cook, England's great navigator and explorer, said molasses was better than vinegar. Oranges, and the milk of the green cocconut, will doubtless restore a scorbutic patient in less time than any other fruits. I have seen the very best and most rapid results from the free use of the last named fruit. On my last voyage to the Pacific, our ship's company was composed of young men,—thirty in number. I always made it a point to furnish them with a full supply of good sound wholesome provisions, watch and watch, the voyage through, except when business required the entire crew. Added to this, Saturday afternoon was given them for washing and mending their clothes, and on Sunday they did no work of any kind. Last, not least, as we were much in warm latitudes, all hands were encouraged in frequent bathing, in calm weather, all enjoying a swim alongside. I arrived home after a three years' voyage with the entire crew, and all in good health from the outset. J. W. B.

New London, Conn.

Seamen's Bank for Savings.—Great Results from Small Beginnings.

Fifty years ago there was a small building in Chambers street opposite the City Hall known as the Bank for Savings. Over the door was a beehive, and inside was a bust of Franklin, over which was the motto, "take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." This was the first savings bank in New York, having been organized in 1819.

At that time the frauds practiced on seamen were notorious, and to an alarming extent they were swindled out of their hard earnings. It was noticed in 1828 that out of 2,752 persons who made deposits in the Bank for Savings the previous year, only 43 were mariners. Impressed with these facts, the friends of seamen, largely connected with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, took measures to procure a charter for a Marine Savings Bank. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE for March, 1829, announced that the first bank charter ever given to seamen had just been granted by the Legislature of the State of New York, and that its provisions were very judicious and liberal. The Board of Trustees at once proceeded with the necessary arrangements to commence operations, and in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for May, 1829, appeared the following notice:

"The Seamen's Bank for Savings will begin to receive deposits on the 11th of May,, at the office, No. 149 Maiden Lane, corner of Front street, up stairs, and will be open every day for that purpose between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock. The privilege of depositing will be extended, not only to captains, officers, and seamen in the Navy and merchant service, but also to pilots, fishermen, boatmen, riggers, and stevedores.

President, Najah Taylor; *Vice Presidents*, Benjamin Strong, Benjamin Clark; *Gurdon Buck, Treasurer*; Oliver H. Hicks, *Secretary*; *Directors*, James Brown, Reuben Brumley, Caleb Barstow, Lockwood De Forest, Rufus Davenport, George Douglass, Moses H. Grinnell, Silas Holmes, John R. Hurd, Gabriel Havens, Jeromus Johnson, Cornelius W. Lawrence, Thomas Masters, Peter I. Nevius, John Pintard, Anson G. Phelps, John L.

Palmer, Pelatiah Perit, David Rogers, George T. Trimble, Brittain L. Woolley."

The venerable James Brown, who heads the first list of Directors, the founder of the Banking House of Brown Brothers & Co.,—Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, who took James Chappell, one of his stevedores, to the office that he might have the honor of making the first deposit in the new Bank, and Caleb Barstow, of the above twenty-six officers, still live to see their early self-denying efforts crowned with success. They not only gave their services, but a few of their number advanced the money to fit up the room, and for a set of books. Some years after the Bank refunded the money, and most of it was given to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

From small beginnings, sometimes only one deposit a day, the Seamen's Bank for Savings has steadily grown in favor.

Up to the 1st of January, 1877, it had received on deposit one hundred and four millions of dollars, of which the Bank has now in hand sixteen millions of dollars. During the same time \$12,500,000 in interest has been placed to the credit of depositors.

The present Board of Trustees are: *President*, Wm. H. Macy; *Vice-Presidents*, Wm. A. Booth, E. H. R. Lyman; *Sec'y*, John H. Boynton; *Directors*, Joseph W. Alsop, Frederick G. Foster, John T. Adams, George Briggs, Lloyd Aspinwall, Ambrose Snow, F. A. Crocker, Silvanus J. Macy, Emerson Coleman, Geo. W. Lane, Wm. D. Morgan, James R. Taylor, Horace Gray, Benj. F. Butler, Frederick Chauncey, W. H. H. Moore, Thos. P. Salter, David M. Turnure, Roswell Skeel, James A. Hewlett, Henry P. Marshall, *Cashier*, Sylvanus F. Jenkins, *Treasurer*.

The writer has watched, with interest, the prosperity of the institution from its organization, and has no hesitation in recommending every sailor, before leaving the port, to deposit his money in the Seamen's Bank for Savings, 74 and 76 Wall Street, New York. The names given

above are a sufficient guaranty that their money will be safe, and constantly increase in amount.

L. P. H.

Boston, Mass.

At the prayer and conference meeting of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, held in connection with the services of Anniversary week, in May, in Mount Vernon church, Rev. S. E. Herrick, pastor of the church, presided, and after a short season spent in prayer, introduced in a very happy manner the several speakers, Rev. S. H. Hayes, of the Salem and Mariner's Church; Rev. S. W. Hanks, Capt. Bartlett, Chaplain of the Marine Hospital, Chelsea, for more than eighteen years; Rev. A. McKenzie, of Cambridge, who, as is also Mr. Herrick, is the son of a sea captain; Rev. Smith Baker, of Lowell, and Rev. R. R. Meredith, of the Temple Street Methodist Church, who followed the sea for nine years in his youth. The addresses, says the *Congregationalist*, were vigorous and full of interest.

Capt. Bartlett's Eighteenth Annual Report of Labor at Chelsea, Mass., Hospital.

"During the year 498 officers and men have been admitted, and 173 have been treated as outside patients, making 671 in all, receiving medical care. Our usual religious interest has continued; from two to five rising for prayers in all our meetings. Seventy-four have signed the pledge; thirty-six professed a new life; more than 200 thought they were going out better men, many giving us hope that they will find the same new life. Two weekly prayer meetings have been held; with a weekly distribution of religious reading, including 75 Bibles and Testaments in ten languages; 212,000 pages of tracts and 2,840 religious papers. Seventeen patients have died, some in hope; about two and a half per cent. for the year, from January 1st to May 1st but one death.

The Bible and both Tract Societies have given liberal donations, others have sent second hand papers, etc., for which thanks are returned. Mrs. Judge Chamberlain has long rendered valuable service with her circulating library, which,

since January, has come under the care of Miss Mary E. Brooks. The Chelsea churches still attend the Sunday evening meetings; Messrs. Larsen, Clapp and Cobourn the Wednesday evening meeting, and render valuable help. Drs. Bancroft and Stone, with the employees, have given me aid and sympathy, for which I am very grateful. Aid to the amount of \$100 has been furnished to destitute men. We have had several frost-bitten sailors,—some suffering the loss of fingers and toes,—but of these some have felt that their losses and sufferings are more than made up in their being led thereby to the great physician of the soul. A fine Scotch lad had his feet badly frozen, but will go out from the Hospital with a Christian's hope, to do good in the world. I often meet with men who left the Hospital years ago, who speak of the great good done them while there, which changed their whole course of life.

During 18½ years 13,622 officers and men have been admitted to the Hospital, 857 have expressed a hope in Christ,—some of them have had their hopes tried,—and still stand firm; 549 have deceased."

In my labors outside the Hospital, I attended the meetings at the Mariner's Church, put up and sent out 45 new libraries, refitted and sent out 66 second hand libraries, presented the claims of seamen before 22 churches, 4 Sabbath School concerts, and two church conferences. I have not been absent from my work a week for the year,—but five weeks in 18½ years.

Another Sailor's Peril and Outrage —Refuge at Last.

We print the following record, not for its special noteworthiness, but as a fair sample of the not uncommon dangers awaiting seamen in various ports and places throughout the country. This victim, Alexander Berries, presented himself at our Rooms in the month of April, told his sad story, was sent to the SAILOR'S HOME, had his case investigated by our Missionary, and has now, after such investigation, found the rest to which he is entitled, in the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, where his shortened life will end in peace. But many seamen, similarly outraged, never come to us, or have relief from any quarter. The letter explains itself.

"BEAVER, C. H., PA.,

May 24th, 1877.

DE WITT C. SLATER, *Seamen's Missionary, New York City.*

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 21st ult. concerning Mr. Alexander Berries is at hand, and I will cheerfully give the desired information. He was discharged from the U. S. Sloop-of-War *Shawmut* on the 20th of September, 1876, at Baltimore, Md., was paid off, and was making his way to a former friend in Ohio, by the name of McCready. While at Pittsburg, Pa., he was "spotted" by a scoundrel, who discovered that he had some money (over \$300), and followed him to Rochester, Pa., near this place. There he got the old man off the train and had him intoxicated. He then persuaded him to walk down the railroad track, for some distance. After getting him into a secluded place, he knocked him down and pounded him over the head, with a stone, until he supposed him dead, and after taking his money, was dragging him to the river, when he saw some men a short distance below. Taking fright he left the old man, and made his escape.

This occurred on the 25th of September, 1876. Berries was brought to my office, where I kept him for two months. His skull was fractured, and his scalp almost beaten off his head. When here he had several discharges from service. I think he has been in the U. S. service for perhaps 12 or 13 years, and is most assuredly entitled to aid from the government. His injuries are such that he is permanently disabled, and he is a worthy object of pity. I tried to get him into the Old Man's Home, at Philadelphia, but did not succeed. He went from here to Washington, D. C.; then I heard from him at Alexandria, Va. Anything I can do to assist him I will do most cheerfully. Please give him my good wishes and earnest hopes that he may soon be comfortably provided for. Respectfully, etc.,

JOSEPH LAURANCE."

"Bon Voyage!"

It is our privilege, in this number of the MAGAZINE, to extend to Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, the good wishes of his associates in the Society's office,—at his departure (19th June), in the steamer *Idaho* of the Williams and Guion line, for Liverpool, upon a trip to and in Europe, during

which he expects to visit the Society's Missionaries in Sweden Norway and Denmark. The Rev. Dr. HALL is accompanied by his wife and daughter, and hopes to be again at home by October 1st. On his way to the Scandinavian countries, he will attend the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, to which he is a commissioner. Returning, he will probably take Antwerp, Belgium, and perhaps others of our stations, in his course. May the God of wind and wave bear him and his, safely, and restore him to duty, in invigorated health!

This departure of Rev. Dr. HALL affords occasion to say, quite aside from his knowledge, that the high place which the Seamen's Cause holds, to-day, in the esteem of a great part of the Church of Christ in our land, is largely due,—as those best acquainted with facts can decisively testify,—to a union, in him, of qualities which alike in the internal administration of this Society,—and in its external advocacy by pen and voice, have been accompanied, for twelve years past, with a fidelity to the trust placed in his hands that has been single eyed and constant. Many readers will join in invoking a long continuance of his exertions for the men of the sea.

A Great Opportunity.

We call special attention to the letter of Capt. NELSON WATSON, Keeper of station No. 8, U. S. Life Saving Service, printed on page 222, of the LIFE BOAT, in this number of the MAGAZINE. The suggestion there made,—that we furnish every Life Saving Station with one of our Loan Libraries for seamen, opens too rich a field for the prosecution of our library work, to be lost sight of. We desire to enter upon this endeavor, at once, for it is strictly in the line of our best efforts for the good of seamen. And we hope that the day is not distant when every one of the one hundred and twenty-five stations on our seacoast and lake shores shall be so provided. The crew

of each station, besides the Keeper, number eight men, and are of the best class of sailors and watermen. Their oft recurring leisure in the intervals of their arduous, and, at times, terrible service, gives the amplest and most promising opportunity for the perusal of good reading matter. That the men are thoroughly susceptible of religious impression, and that they will welcome the libraries, is evident from Capt. WATSON's letter. We should be glad to receive donations which may be applied to furnishing them. Who of our readers will aid us, therein?

U. S. Naval Academy.

The fourth annual distribution of books to the graduating class of this Academy, at Annapolis, Md., from the MIDSHIPMEN'S FUND, of which our Society has the trust, was made, as we learn from Chaplain HUDSON, on Sunday the 17th June. He says:—

“They were thankfully received. The kind interest manifested by the Christian donors is very much appreciated by the young gentlemen. May the books be good seed destined to bring forth abundantly, to the honor and glory of God!”

The following is this year's list of books supplied to the young men:—Thomson's Land and Book; Rawlinson's Illustrations of the Bible; Rev. Dr. John Hall's Questions of The Day; Hoppins' Life of Admiral Foote; Patterson's Fables of Infidelity; Life of Charles Kingsley, by his wife; Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity; Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul; Faunce's A Young Man's Difficulties With His Bible; Farrar's Life of Christ; Gilmore's Storm Warriors, or The Heroism of the Goodwin Sands; being two volumes to each member of the graduating class.

A Notable Memorial.

Among the Loan Libraries sent from our Rooms, in June, and to be reported in the next number of the LIFE BOAT, is No. 6, 126. It is the gift of Capt. E. H.

TOBEY, the Master of the bark *Yumoyden*, who so seeks to preserve the memory of FRANK FLETCHER, a common seaman on his vessel, who lost his life by falling into the hold. Thus this faithful and Christian officer testifies alike to his appreciation of FLETCHER's services, and to his confidence in our labors for his fellow seamen.

Mariners' Family Asylum, S. I.

The Managers of the Mariners' Family Asylum for aged wives and mothers of seamen, located on Staten Island, but belonging to the port of New York, earnestly appeal to the public for aid.

The Asylum was granted by an Act of the Legislature, in 1851, with \$10,000 for the erection of the building, and *ten per cent.* of the "Seamen's Tax," allowed monthly for the support of the said Asylum. This per centage, though never sufficient for its support, has not been paid for the past two years. The expense of sustaining the Asylum from year to year has been from seven to nearly ten thousand dollars, including necessary repairs, insurance, matron's and servant's wages, etc. This sum has been raised mostly by collections by the Managers, and Fairs held for the purpose. *The Asylum has no fund laid aside or provided for its support.* It is not sectarian, nor is it restricted to nationality. The number of inmates is usually from fifty to sixty, their ages ranging from sixty to upwards of ninety years; aged, infirm and wholly destitute, nearly all of them widows whose husbands and sons were lost at sea.

The Managers, whose services and expenses are all gratuitous, have made various and untiring efforts to sustain the Asylum, and to increase its scanty means. An application was made to the Legislature during the past winter, but received no response, and they are driven to the necessity of calling upon the public for aid. The facts are, the treasury is well-nigh empty, as was "the widow's barrel

of meal;" and they are earnestly hoping Providence will send some Elijah to replenish the wasting supply for these aged widows,—or they must ere long eat their last meal in the Asylum.

Contributions may be sent to the Secretary, Mrs. DANIEL W. FISH, 184 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, or Mrs. G. W. JOHNSON, Treasurer, 69 Penn Street, Brooklyn, E. D., and will be promptly acknowledged.

Forty-Ninth Annual Report.

The Report just issued, and obtainable at our Rooms, contains the review of our operations for the twelvemonth closing April 1st, 1877,—Rev. Dr. R. S. STORRS' sermon preached at our last anniversary, the list of Life Directors and Life Members constituted during the year, and the acknowledgment in detail of all receipts of the Society from April 1st, 1876, to April 1st, 1877,—a total from contributions and legacies, of \$57,304.05. The Treasurer's balance sheet shows the full receipts for the year to have been \$65,805.22. By a review of the donations and legacies it appears that for the period covered, we received from thirteen of the United States and from foreign countries, sums, which, in the aggregate, were less than the amounts which they sent to us in 1875-6;—from eleven such States and countries, sums greater than in 1875-6; and from one State, the same amount.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and sixty arrivals at the HOME, during the month of May. There was deposited with him \$1,695, of which \$125 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$807 to relatives and friends,—the balance being returned to depositors. Ten men were shipped without advance, during the month, and four were sent to the Hospital.

Position of the Principal Planets for July, 1877.

MERCURY is a morning star until the 20th, at 25m. past midnight, when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun. During the remainder of the month it is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 9th, at 8h. 20m., being 4° 5' south.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h. 32m., and north of west 30° 10'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 11th, at 40m. before midnight, being 42' south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 19m., being 11° 13' south of the Equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month; once on the morning of the 1st, at 7h. 11m., being 5° 33' south, and then again on the morning of the 29th, at 6h. 32', being 8° 7' south; is in conjunction with Saturn on the afternoon of the 27th, at 5h. 15m., being 3° 43' south.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the 1st, at 53m. before midnight, being then 23° 10' south of the Equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 22nd, at 42m. past midnight, being 5° 0' north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 4h. 50m., being 5° 42' south of the Equator; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius on the morning of the 1st, at about 2 o'clock; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month; the first time on the 2nd, at 29m. past midnight being 4° 4' south, and then again, on the morning of the 29th, at 5. 55., being now 4° 17' south.

R. H. B.

N. Y. University.

Marine Disasters in May, 1877.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 46, of which 20 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 2 sunk by collision, 5 foundered, and 15 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 4 ships, 12 barks, 7 brigs, and 21 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,770,000

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destination, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Dakota, *w*. from Liverpool for New York.
City of San Francisco, *w*. from Panama for San Francisco.

SHIPS.

Uncle Toby, *w*.
Geneva, *w*.
Alida, *w*.
* E. F. Gabain, *w*. } At Pabellon de Pica.

BARKS.

Galatea, *w*. from Cadiz for Baltimore.
Legion of Honor, *w*. from Valencia for New York.
Cacchino, *f*. from Leghorn for New York.
S. M. Stetson, *w*. from New Castle, N. S. W., for San Francisco.
R. P. Buck, *w*. from Sourabaya for Falm'th, E. Azow. *s c* from Baltimore for Queenstown.
Gazelle, *a*. from Trinidad for Del. Breakwater.
Paramount, *m*. from Navassa for Baltimore.
Fearless, *m*. from Cardenas for Baltimore.
Shamrock, *w*. (At Pabellon de Pica.)
Enigheden, *f*. from Ivigtut for Philadelphia.
R. A. Chapman, *w*. from Pabellon de Pica for Hampton Roads.

BRIGS.

C. C. Bearse, *a*. from Charleston for Boston.
Sarah L. Hall, *m*. from Guatanamo for New York.
Abby Watson, *m*. from New Haven for Brunswick, Ga.
Helene, *m*. from Baltimore for Hamburg.
Maggie Vail, *m*. from Richmond for Rio Janeiro.
Peri, *m*. from Havana for Baltimore.
Delphine, *m*. from Baltimore for St. Pierre, Mart.

SCHOONERS.

Rhoda B. Taylor, *w*. from Philadelphia for Key West.
Jennie C. Russ, *w*. from Port Johnson for Bridgeport, Ct.
Geo. H. Squire, *m*. from Darien for Phila.
Tyronce, *w*. from Harrington for Millbridge.
Lizzie, *w*. (At Yokeima Bay, Cal.)
E. E. Rackett, *w*. from Miragoane for New York.
Morning Star, *f*. (Off the Farallones.)
George, *m*. from Savannah for New London.
G. P. Pomeroy, *m*. from Brunswick, Ga., for Bath.
Condova, *w*. from Bristol for Philadelphia.
Lucy Wright, *m*. from Fredericksburg for Savannah.
Jesse S. Clark, *m*. from Salt River, Ja., for New York.
R. M. Atwood, *a*. from Philadelphia for Nevis.
Marietta Tilton, *s c*. from Hoboken for Boston.
Ida Birdsall, *m*. from Philadelphia for Savannah.
Frank Lucas, *w*. from Mobile for Ruatan.
Lizzie Bachelder, *f*. from Philadelphia for Aspinwall.
Kate & Luella, *w*. from Kingston, Ja., for New York.
D. W. Saunders, *f*. from Elizabethport for Newport.
Iris, *m*. from Barbadoes for Boston.
Thetis, *a*. from St. Martin's for Boston.

* Partly owned in New York.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities, reported lost during

APRIL, 1877.

Sailing Vessels—47 English, 26 German, 11 French, 9 American, 9 Dutch, 6 Italian, 5 Norwegian, 3 Portuguese, 2 Austrian, 2 Danish, 2 Swedish, 1 Spanish 1 Greek, 8 of which the nationality is unknown: total, 132. In this number are included 30 vessels reported *missing*.

Steamers—4 English, 3 French, 1 American, 1 of which the nationality is unknown: total, 9. In this number is included 1 steamer reported *missing*.

Receipts for May, 1877.

MAINE.

Bangor, Hammond Street Cong. ch.. 24 28
 Thomaston, Bap. church..... 4 50

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church..... 2 86
 Meriden, Cong. church, for Labrador Mission..... 5 50
 Rev. Mr. Butler..... 5 00

VERMONT.

Bennington Centre, 1st Cong. ch.... 19 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Aburndale, *In memoriam*, library... 20 00
 Boston, a friend, for library..... 25 00
 Boston Highlands, Eliot Cong. ch., to const. Ous C. Packard, L. M.... 30 00
 Chicopee, 3rd Cong. church..... 5 00
 Great Barrington, S. S. Cong. church, for library..... 25 00
 Greenfield, 2nd Cong. church..... 3 98
 Holbrook, S. S. Cong. ch., \$20 for library..... 54 35
 Hopkinton, Cong. church..... 18 76
 Malden, Cong. church..... 2 50
 Monson, 1st Cong. church..... 18 84
 New Bedford, Trinitarian church.... 94 78
 Newton, Eliot Cong. church..... 72 40
 Northboro, S. S. Cong. ch., \$20 for library..... 48 85
 North Hadley, Cong. church..... 4 34
 Northampton, S. S. 1st Cong. ch.... 10 00
 Springfield, 1st Cong. church..... 21 59
 Stockbridge, Mrs. Sally Gillet..... 20 00
 Taunton, Winslow Howard, for lib'y. 10 00
 West Roxbury, South Cong. church. 16 28
 Wilbraham, 1st Cong. church..... 19 75

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, Cong. ch., J. H. Bartholomew, \$10; S. O. Blair \$5; Benj. Wells, \$1..... 16 00
 Bristol, S. S. Cong. ch., for library.. 20 00
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church..... 4 00
 Haddam, Cong. church..... 12 00
 Meriden Center, Cong. church..... 16 00
 Newington, Cong. church..... 12 00
 Norwalk, 2nd Cong. church, add'l.. 5 00
 Putnam, 2nd Cong. church..... 11 55
 Thomaston, Cong. church..... 26 56
 West Haven, Cong. church..... 5 80
 West Killingly, S. S. Cong. ch., for library..... 20 00
 Wethersfield, Cong. church..... 42 03
 Woodbury, Alexander Gordon..... 7 00

NEW YORK.

Auburn, Bap. church..... 20 00
 Bethel Bap. ch., in part for lib'y... 8 76
 Pres. church..... 6 20
 Meth. Epis. church, S. S..... 2 26
 Brooklyn, Church of the Pilgrims, of wh. R. P. Buck, \$100; F. A. Spoford, for lib's, \$100; S. S., \$40; W. H. Swan, \$25; Geo. H. Nichols, \$20; and Spencer Trask for Alanson

Trask, Jr., \$20; for libraries..... 593 07
 Plymouth church..... 144 96
 Centreville, M. E. church..... 1 13
 Churchville, Cong. church..... 10 00
 Meth. Epis. church..... 1 82
 Euclid, M. E. church..... 4 40
 Farmers Village, Ref. ch., for library. 20 00
 Greece, Bap. church..... 8 49
 Free M. E. church..... 3 82
 Holland Patent, Bap. ch., S. S. for library..... 20 00
 Lansingburgh, 1st Pres. ch., of which Mrs. A. A. Peebles, for Charles B. Peebles Memorial library, \$20; S. S., Chas. H. Kellogg Library, \$20.. 70 50
 Lima, Pres. church, S. S. for lib'y.... 20 00
 Meth. Epis. church..... 4 08
 Newburgh, 1st Pres. church..... 40 00
 New Village, Cong. church..... 4 35
 New York City, Capt. Edgar Orr, schr. *Louisa A. Orr*..... 5 00
 Capt. O. L. Stowers, brig *David Bugbee*..... 1 00
 Estate of John C. Green, by Mrs. Green..... 20,000 00
 Phelps, Dodge & Co..... 100 00
 Frederick A. Libbey, for libraries.. 100 00
 Mrs. C. L. Spencer..... 100 00
 E. M. Archibald, H. B. M. Consul, which const. himself L. M..... 30 00
 Robert Gordon..... 25 00
 Cash..... 25 00
 S. S. Broadway Tabernacle, Mrs. St. John, mem'l library for her mother, Mrs. Sarah Ward..... 20 00
 R. M. Olyphant..... 20 00
 Miller..... 10 00
 Brooks & Company..... 10 00
 Geo. S. Fraser..... 10 00
 F. Hathaway..... 10 00
 McMartin..... 10 00
 W. H. Webb..... 10 00
 Joseph W. Alsop..... 10 00
 Samuel L. M. Barlow..... 10 00
 Mrs. Dr. A. D. Wilson..... 10 00
 Mrs. Stilman Ilsley..... 10 00
 G. A. Sabine, M. D..... 10 00
 C. D. Harvie..... 5 00
 Mrs. Hannah Ireland..... 5 00
 "D. H."..... 5 00
 Ludlow Patton..... 5 00
 Josiah H. Abbot..... 5 00
 Norwich, M. E. church..... 4 02
 Ontario, Pres. church..... 2 87
 Dea. Knowles..... 58
 Oxford, Pres. church, for library..... 20 00
 Rochester, Rev. D. Dickey, for lib'y, in *memoriam* Mrs. Minerva W. Dickey..... 20 00
 Skaneateles, Bap. church..... 5 39
 Smyrna, M. E. church..... 75
 Sprout Creek, Hattie Conway, for library..... 20 00
 Southampton, Pres. church..... 31 00
 Troy, 1st Pres. church..... 25 00
 Webster, Pres. church..... 6 11
 Bap. church..... 5 15
 Meth. Epis. church..... 1 60
 West Troy, South Ref. church..... 34 74
 Williamson, Pres. church..... 9 41

NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Lafayette Ref. church.. 20 00
 Newark, 3rd Pres. ch., S. S. \$20 for library..... 77 92
 Orange, 1st Pres. church..... 55 00
 Plainfield, 2nd Pres. church..... 57 00

OHIO.

Creswell, James Butcher..... 1 00

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Hilo, Rev. Titus Coan, for library... 21 40

\$22,744 28

Jacksonville on schr. *H. S. Williams*; No. 3,658, on schr. *F. G. Davis*, for San Blas; No. 3,693, on schr. *M. C. Mosely*, for Key West; No. 3,699, on schr. *J. L. Merrill*, for Vera Cruz; No. 3,740, on schr. *M. Trim*, for Bolivia; No. 3,890, on brig *Dirigo*, for Belfast; No. 3,958, read with interest, gone to Santander on brig *D. Bugbee*; No. 4,282, on brig *Sea Bird*, for Brazil; No. 4,475, read by several crews, gone to London on bark *Advocate*; No. 4,509, on schr. *Tam O'Shanter*, for Nassau; No. 4,532, on schr. *M. Brooks*, for Nicaragua; No. 4,804, on schr. *A. G. Shortland*, for Para; No. 5,262, read and appreciated, gone to Venezuela on schr. *Anita*; No. 5,321, on schr. *E. A. De Hart*, for Hayti; No. 5,500, read with profit, gone to Kingston on schr. *Cumberland*; No. 5,516, on brig *Rock*, for Leghorn; No. 5,606, on schr. *Etna*, for Porto Rico; No. 5,690, on schr. *M. Lord*, for Gibraltar; No. 5,695, on schr. *J. Emson*, for Sagua; No. 5,702, on schr. *L. Dewey*, for St. Johns; No. 5,726, on schr. *F. Woodhull*, for Jacksonville; No. 5,741, on schr. *Myrover*, for Charleston; No. 5,760, on bark *J. F. Whitney*, for Europe; No. 5,761, on bark *Hecla*, for Antwerp; No. 5,765, on bark *Glacier*, for Laguayra; No. 5,774, on brig *Swiftsure*, for St. Thomas; No. 5,785, on brig *Rising Sun*, for Barbadoes; No. 5,786, on schr. *W. R. Beebe*, for Savannah.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION—WHO WILL HELP?

No. 3,966,* was placed in March last, from Boston, Mass., at the U. S. Life Saving Station, at Truro, Mass. Since then we have the following letter, thence:—

"I wish, in behalf of myself and crew, to give heartfelt thanks for use of the library. We are more than satisfied, and would recommend that one of the libraries be placed at all the stations. These men here are really all sailors, and there is much more time to spare, than on ship-board, which will be used up in novel reading, card playing, etc., unless good, interesting books are at hand, in which case they will be read. The U. S. Gov-

ernment has made provision for everything but the soul. I hope you will furnish all the stations on the coast with one of your libraries. Four of my crew became Christians while engaged in the Coast Service. The library has gone for the summer, on board the schr. *John M. Fisk*. It will return to the station in the fall. Yours truly,

NELSON WATSON,
Keeper of Station No. 8, U. S. L. S.
Service."

No. 4,357, returned from West Indies to Boston, and gone to sea on schr. *C. E. Moody*, coasting; No. 4,371, returned from bark *Laura Burnham*, at Boston, the books all read with much profit, and gone to Grand Banks on schr. *Emma Higgins*, 10 men.

A CAPTAIN'S LETTER.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

No. 4,377. "It affords me great pleasure to write you in token of my sincere thankfulness to you for the loan of a library, No. 4,377. I have read it carefully, and have found the collection to be good. I have also loaned them to the different men. I found that as soon as one book was read they would ask for another. Your Society is doing a good work, for often when these books are distributed to seamen they will read them when they will not think of such a thing while on shore.

May the God of our fathers prosper you in this good work, and may it be the instrument in hastening the time when the abundance of the sea shall be converted! Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM M. LANK,
Master, Schr. *A. P. Howell*, of Phila."

Gone to the West Indies, from Boston, in schr. *Charles E. Moody*, Capt. Eastman, for West Indies.

No. 4,395, returned in good condition at Boston; much read by all the crew; has been very useful, and has gone to sea on the bark *Annie L. Taylor*, 12 men, for Cape Town, care of Capt. Parcard; No. 4,814, returned from Grand

*Contributed by Wm. E. Downes, Birmingham, Conn.

Banks to Boston; the books much read, having been a great comfort to the crew. Profane language entirely ceased among them. Library gone to Europe on schr. *Olylie*, 10 men, care of George Forbes.

IN A LITTLE WHILE, NO SWEARING.

No. 4,844, returned by Capt. Anses at Boston.

"It is with pleasure that I wish to return thanks for the use of the library. It has been read with great joy by myself and crew, and I hope the books have done much good. *In a short time after the library came on board there was no more swearing.* Please change the library for another. I. EASTMAN,
Master of Schr. C. E. Moody."

Gone to Grand Banks in schr. *Cordova*, Capt. Ireland, 10 men,

MORE TO THE SAME EFFECT.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"I left New York on the 8th of July, 1876, taking with me one of your valuable libraries (No. 2,837*). During our absence we visited Messina, Odessa, Constantinople, Marseilles, and Rio Janeiro, and the books were read and re-read by every member of the crew. It has been a source of much pleasure to me to see the men sitting by themselves of an evening reading the good books instead of engaging in yarns and low songs. *I soon noticed that swearing had ceased,* and I had a sober, serious crew. Would that I could always have just such men! Hoping that God will bless you with success in your good work, I remain yours, thankfully,

F. A. FADER,

Master British Brig. Kate, Halifax, Nova Scotia."

No. 5,056,† returned to Boston in good condition, and gone to Philadelphia on steamer *Centipede*, 12 men, in care of

Capt. Mowatt; No. 5,599,* from India, gone to sea from Boston on steamer *Dimon* for N. Y., care of R. I. Carther, 25 men; No. 5,799,† gone to Australia from Boston, on bark *Laura*, Capt. Phillips, 12 men.

"They Believed God."

Last winter a little boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs.

"Do you get much to do my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him, and does the best he can?"

"Johnny, don't you think you have got as much as you can carry?" said Frank to his brother, who was standing with open arms, receiving the bundles his father placed upon them. "You've got more than you can carry now."

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a sweet, happy voice, "my father knows how much I can carry."

How long it takes many of us to learn the lesson little Johnny had by heart! "Father knows how much I can carry." No grumbling, no discontentment, but a sweet trust in our Father's love and care that we shall not be overburdened.

"Simply trusting every day;
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus,—that is all."

* Contributed by Infant Class S. S. 2nd Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

† Contributed by Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.

* Contributed by Geo. H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.

† Contributed by Rev. Dr. W. H. Steel, Newark, N. J.

How to Cure a Bad Memory.

Your memory is bad, perhaps; but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One I mentioned above: to read a subject when strongly interested. The other is, to not only read, but think. When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book, and try to remember the ideas on that page, and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out. Faithfully follow these two rules, and you have the golden keys of knowledge. Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, items of news, smart remarks, bits of information, political reflections, fashion notes, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break. Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as running through story after story, and forgetting them as soon as read. I know a gray-haired woman, a life-long lover of books, who sadly declares that her mind has been ruined by such reading. A help to memory is repetition. Nothing is so certain to keep your French fresh and ready for use as to have always on hand an interesting story in that language, to take up for ten minutes every day. In that case you will not "forget your French" with the majority of your schoolmates.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Bird Shower.

The New Haven, Conn., *Register*, of May 18th, 1877, says: "Nearly every lighthouse and every vessel which plied through the Sound on Tuesday night, was the scene of the destruction of hundreds of little birds from the burning forests of Long Island. An account of what occurred at the Southwest Ledge light, and on the propeller *Bolivia* has already been given. A still more marvel-

ous case is told us to day. The steamboat *Continental* was boarded on Wednesday morning at half past two o'clock, while off Stratford Light, by Isaac Stillwell, a Hell Gate pilot. As he stepped on board he noticed that the deck appeared to be covered with something which yielded under his feet. It was found that the boat was covered with little birds. They were swept off in heaps, and in the morning a part of them were counted, the number exceeding seven hundred and fifty. Several times during the shower of birds the lights of the boat were put out, the holes made for ventilation being stopped up by the little creatures. Some of the birds were selected of the many, and a potpie was made which was said to have been very good."

THERE WAS but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out, and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unguarded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank a vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body; one sin destroy the soul.—*Spurgeon.*

O WISE little birds, how do ye know
The way to go,
Southward and Northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they;
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away.
"He calleth and calleth, year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever he maketh the way appear."
Dear little birds! He calleth me
Who calleth ye;
Would that I might as trusting be!
Harriet McEwen Kimball.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

District Secretaries:

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston,

Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts.	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....		
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " "	E. Dunscombe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St..	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John McIver, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Tex. cor. Strand & 26 st.		

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison.	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
cor. Water and Dover Streets.....	Mission " " "	" B. F. Millard.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robt. J. Walker,
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... {	" E. O. Bates.
BUFFALO.....		" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Sea. Friend Society	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke,
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts..	Baptist Bethel Society....	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, ME., For st. n. Custom H	Portland Sea. Frnd Soc'y..	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" O. H. Malcom, D.D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf....	Individual Effort.....	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" Vincent Group.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" William Major.
Cor. Shippen and Penn Streets...	Methodist.....	" W. B. Erben.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" Joseph Perry.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	" Chas. McElfresh.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts..	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc..	" R. R. Murphy.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" E. N. Crane.
NORFOLK.....	{ American & Norfolk Sea. }	" Jas. L. Keen.
	Friend Societies	" Wm. B. Yates.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" Richard Webb.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St..	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	"
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	"
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water.	" " " "	"
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" L. H. Pease.
GALVESTON, Texas.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y..	" H. B. Burr.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President*.
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to May 1st, 1877, is 5,866, containing 290,856 volumes. Calculating 4,678 re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 250,000 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.